



At the Parish Picnic



# *The Franciscan*

Michaelmas 2010  
St Francis of Assisi Parish Newsletter

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## Foreword

'What is the theme of the Michaelmas issue of *The Franciscan*?' the Rev June de Klerk asked me the other day. 'Michaelmas,' I replied, but the truth is there never is one single theme connecting all the articles. I accept all interesting contributions, but it is amazing how the various articles do seem to dictate their position in the newsletter, each one leading naturally to the next. So once again we have a mixed bag, but it does have a structure.

St Michael and All Angels do not feature in any of the articles. However, their feast day is 29 September and the autumn term in British schools and universities is called Michaelmas, and some Anglican schools in South Africa follow suit. According to Wikipedia, the archangel Michael is seen 'as a protector against the dark of night, and the administrator of cosmic intelligence', while the Waldorf schools celebrate Michaelmas as the 'festival of strong will'. So it is good to have the angels on our side.

Many thanks to all the contributors and please help make our final issue Advent/Christmas (December) just as interesting. **Jill Daugherty, Editor**

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## From the Rector's Desk

My dear Parishioners,



Over a hundred years ago, the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, in his novel *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, penned his (now infamous) phrase: 'God is dead.'

Lest we misunderstand what Nietzsche was actually saying, we need to realise its context, for he was in fact stating a startling truth – and **not** bordering on blasphemy. The phrase comes from a very graphic scene in the novel, where a madman lights a lantern and, in the middle of the day, rushes into the local marketplace shouting, 'I seek God, I seek God.' The startled crowd have no sooner recovered from this, when he begins to cry out: 'God is dead, I tell you, we have killed him, you and I! All of us are his murderers. But how did we do this? ... Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon?'

Notice therefore that Nietzsche was not suggesting that there is no God, but rather that God is no longer central in most people's lives. And whilst a cursory glance would seem to suggest this is 'not so bad' (certainly not as dreadful as proclaiming that God does not exist), the truth is, it's infinitely worse. Why? Because it implies a form of condescending tolerance, which at the very least displays an arrogance beyond compare.

At issue, therefore, is not that God does not exist, but that God does not exist ENOUGH, or is not important enough in the consciousness and lives of ordinary human being. We have marginalised God and rendered Him irrelevant to the demands of everyday living. For more pertinent and dominant are the 'gods' of human opinion, self achievement and material gain.

What Nietzsche is implying is that, by doing so, even Christians in effect (whilst remaining ever 'religious') obliterate the meaning of life. For God came (in Christ) to give us life 'in abundance', i.e. to give shape and meaning **to the whole of existence**, and not just to Sundays, or to church, or to moments of crisis. In Christ, we have been given a living and ever-present reality; a person with whom we are in an intimate, loving relationship.

I am sure that none of us would accept the premise that there is no God, but I am also sure that most of us would have to agree that all too easily God exists 'on the periphery' of life, in the margins of our human existence. And, as stated above, this must be acknowledged even in the case of those amongst us who are **in the Church** (clergy and laity alike). Can we, like Catherine of Genoa, honestly say, 'My greatest need is God'? Is not our greatest need all too easily ... the stock market, what others think of me, my status in the community, getting even, etc.?

As for Nietzsche's madman, he smashes his lantern and proclaims: 'I have come too early. This deed is still too distant for people to see, and yet they have done this to themselves.' Ronald Rolheiser, chaplain to the Oblates of St Mary Immaculate, in his book *The Shattered Lantern*, suggests that, whatever myopia might have assailed Nietzsche's generation, tragically it is more clearly apparent in ours. In fact, he postulates that this malaise lies at the heart of the 21<sup>st</sup> century world's problems:

I suspect that this is also true to a certain extent for each of us personally. We live lives of quiet agnosticism. Our faith often feels like doubt. Our everyday consciousness contains little or no awareness of God. We tend to be atheistic in our imaginations and in our feelings, even as we still profess the faith, say the creed, go to church, and perhaps even do ministry. We still have icons in our churches, but not in our hearts.

Our modern world lives at this level, he suggest, not because we are evil, materialistic, hedonist or even pagan, but because the prevailing world culture no longer has a 'feel' for the transcendent. We have lost our capacity for the metaphysical and the ability to sense the numinous. Is an ineffable God still part of our daily existence?

What an enormous challenge this presents to us. How do we create icons that live 'not simply in the church, but in the hearts of believers'? As we begin the countdown to Advent, perhaps we can begin to pray around this. Could this Advent season (or this very moment) not be the start of an earnest searching for the echoes of Christ in ALL of living?

If you would like to explore this theme at a deeper level, please do come and see me. I am in need of 'enlightenment' in this regard as much as the next person. We can talk and pray together. Two heads (and hearts) are always better than one. And if you want to know more about Rolheiser's book, please contact me.

God be in your road.

**Father Timothy**

(This article was prompted by a letter written on this topic by the Bishop of Johannesburg whilst I was in that Diocese.)

## **From the Parish Registers**

### **Marriages**

<b>Date of Marriage</b>	<b>Husband &amp; Wife</b>
23 September 2010	Pheko & Bongzi (née Ncala) Tlailane
25 September 2010	Gerard & Jennifer (née Sewell) Badenhorst

### **Faithfully departed**

<b>Date of Death</b>	<b>Name</b>
18 June 2010	Maureen Audrey Linley
12 August 2010	Nancy Summers
22 September 2010	Phyllis Peart
24 September 2010	Ernest Rodgers

**Archbishop Thabo Makgoba**  
***Ad Laos – To the People of God***  
**September 2010**

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Dear People of God,

At the end of this month, from 29 September to 2 October, we will hold the 32nd Session of Provincial Synod at the Kopanong Conference Centre in Benoni, Gauteng. It is our first full meeting since 2005. Please join in praying the Synod Prayer for us all, as we prepare to gather, and through the duration of our meeting:

Almighty God, you teach your people the way of wisdom  
and lead us in the paths of righteousness:  
grant to the members of Provincial Synod  
grace to seek your vision for your Church,  
so that, anchored in the love of Christ,  
committed to your mission in your world,  
and transformed by the power of your Holy Spirit,  
we may all embody and proclaim your message of redemption  
in lives of faithful witness and service;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This prayer, as I am sure many of you will have spotted, encapsulates our Vision and Mission Statement, set out in full here:

**Vision:** The Anglican community in Southern Africa seeks to be

- Anchored – in the love of Christ
- Committed – to God's mission
- Transformed – by the Holy Spirit

**Mission statement:** Across the diverse countries and cultures of our region, we seek:

- To honour God in worship that feeds and empowers us for faithful witness and service
- To embody and proclaim the message of God's redemptive hope and healing for people and creation
- To grow communities of faith that form, inform, and transform those who follow Christ

**Priorities:** To make this vision a reality, and help us form a comprehensive response to the many inter-relating socio-economic challenges we face in our region, we have identified the following priorities for acting at Provincial level, to support and strengthen the life and mission of Dioceses, for the years 2011 to 2020:

- Liturgical renewal for transformative worship
- Theological education
- Leadership formation
- Health: HIV and AIDS, malaria, and tuberculosis
- The environment
- Women and gender
- Protection and nurture of children and young people
- Public advocacy

Two other themes – transformation and holistic mission that is rooted in a full commitment to evangelism – run through and undergird all eight priorities, rather than being matters to be addressed separately.

Prayer is such a fundamental part of the Christian life. Since becoming Archbishop I have become far more aware and appreciative of the difference it makes to the life and mission of the church. Often we have very little sense of the impact of our prayers, and we can become discouraged. But let me assure you of how much I feel my ministry lifted up and supported by the persistent prayers of so many. At times of great challenge I am particularly conscious of this.

It also comes as a tremendous encouragement to be part of an international praying community. In the Anglican Communion, Sunday by Sunday we pray for each of the Provinces in turn, and on other days we remember all our Dioceses around the world, in alphabetical order. You can join in, using the calendar on the Anglican Communion website ([www.anglicancommunion.org](http://www.anglicancommunion.org)). As a Diocesan bishop, I always felt hugely uplifted whenever Grahamstown came round, and the same was true on Sunday 22 August when the entire Anglican world was praying for our Province. On these days, it is touching to receive messages of encouragement from around the world – sometimes from people I never expect to meet. And yet we find ourselves drawn close to one another through our prayers.

So I ask you to pray in the same way for our Synod, even if it feels a bit distant from your daily experience. Pray specifically for your own Bishop, together with your clergy and lay representatives, if you know who they are. And pray for all of us as we prepare to gather – that God will prepare our hearts and minds, so that we may grow in our own faith, and in wisdom, as we meet and share and discuss and debate and decide. Do use the Vision, Mission Statement and Themes as a focus for your prayers, as these will be at the heart of our deliberations – may we have ears to hear what God is calling us to do and be at this time. May we be bold in ‘provoking one another to love and to good deeds’ as the old translation of the Letter to the Hebrews put it (Heb 10:24) – not overwhelmed by the many challenges we face, but addressing them honestly, and putting our confidence in God, whose church this is. Please pray also for safety for all who travel. I must say this is a prayer for which I am always particularly grateful in the many journeys I make in Cape Town, across the Province, and around the world – especially when I get on an aeroplane, I am so very conscious of how fragile a human being actually is, and how dependent we are on God graciously holding us safely in being, every moment of our existence!

And in other news, we congratulate Bishop Jo on his election as SACC President for the next three years. This is an important responsibility, as the SACC rediscovers the heart of its vocation, and its voice, in post-apartheid South Africa. We also congratulate Right Reverend Rubin Phillip, Anglican Bishop of Natal, for being conferred with the Diakonia Award for devoted service to human rights, justice and democracy.

Yours in the Service of Christ

**+Thabo Cape Town**



## SOME THOUGHTS ON REMEMBERING ... AND FORGETTING

In the days when I could still hear them, I listened with incredulity to more than one preacher. Six foot above contradiction, as someone wittily said, they used their lofty pulpits to assure funeral congregations of the unreality of death and the unfaith of mourning. Death is 'merely' the gateway to life everlasting. And they could quote chapter and verse in support of their comfortless bad news.

Death is real. Everything we know, and therefore everything we know ourselves and others to be, is perceived through our senses and, when we die, that process shuts down irretrievably. If we minimise the reality and the destructive power of death, we minimise God's power to transcend it. That he does transcend it, ah! **that** is good news and worthy of proclamation.

The implications for us of God's recreative power are unknown and unknowable and can therefore only be dimly apprehended and inadequately communicated by means of metaphors. The trouble is that metaphorical language is anchored in time and place and an image that communicated meaningfully to people in one society at one time is not necessarily relevant to people in a very different society a few thousand years down the line. Certainly the image of a loving father who will wipe away every tear speaks to me, but I'm not keen on lying in Abraham's bosom.

In order to appropriate the message, it may be necessary to elaborate one's own metaphors and, in this regard, I find the concept of remembering a useful aid to understanding. We wish to be remembered. In the face of the meaninglessness of death, we affirm the meaning of the deceased's life in the tributes we pay. Tributes are not merely therapeutic; they give expression to the religious meaning of remembering as an interpretative process by means of which the past is made present for the sake of the future. We don't remember everything; remembering (and its corollary forgetting) selects from the past in order to give meaning to the present.

There is an ancient tradition that we do not speak ill of the dead and my longing that something worthwhile about me will be remembered is clearly a universal desire, as all human

memorialisation bears witness. Because our remembering is selective, we tend to purge our memory of the unworthy, unlovely things about those who have died in order to perpetuate the essence of the real person we loved and knew.

Is this not then an apt metaphor of how God deals with us? "Remember not the sins of my youth nor my transgressions," we pray, "but according to your mercy think on me." 'Re-member me' means put me together again, but do so lovingly and therefore creatively so that the essential selfhood of one you have loved and known may be revealed.

This means that the rubbish must be burnt away and, as we know, Scripture abounds in images of burning that destroys and purifies. Historically, we have been fascinated by visions of hell which give expression to the dreadful possibility that there might not be anything in us that is worth preserving. By contrast, we have focused too little on the image of fire as purifying, all too rigidly formulated in the notion of purgatory. But if even human beings are able to set aside their mean-spiritedness in relation to those who have died, may we not draw comfort from God's gracious forgetting?

**John Bojé**

**Making friends at the parish picnic**



## **In church - but lonely**

*I look to my right hand and see:  
But no man will know me. (Ps 142:4)*

People come to church looking for light and warmth! They want to know we care. Good preaching and music may bring them in, but relationships that nurture will keep them coming back.

You can feel lonely in a crowd, even one that preaches love and has a 'greet your neighbour' moment in every service. If we kept ten percent of those who came through our church doors, we'd be constantly growing. You say, 'Well, the Bible teaches that if a man would have friends, he must show himself to be friendly.' True, but people bring with them the wounds of their past, the struggles of their present, and the unspoken anxieties of their future. What they want to know is, 'Will you love me as I am, even if I don't fit your mould and change as quickly as you'd like me to?'

Often our rigid structure keeps that from happening. Pastor, if your greatest concern on Monday is 'How many people did we have in church yesterday?', check your heart. You may be more concerned with your own image than meeting people's needs. Jesus told His disciples, '...I have called you friends...' (John 15:15). Many people are shy, distrusting, and relationally impaired. Our mandate is to make 'friends' out of them, not just bench warmers and financial contributors.

The Scripture says, 'Bear one another's burdens...' (Galatians 6:2 NKJV), because a burden shared is a burden lightened. Many of those who come to church aren't looking for profound answers, they just want to feel cared for. When that happens they open up to God's love, and miracles take place.

### **Radio Pulpit – Word for Today (2010-08-30)**

Submitted by Hank Doeg, who comments that this 'reinforces the need to make the Televisiting and Sidesperson greeting processes a success'. But are televisitors and sidespersons the only ones responsible for making newcomers welcome? Perhaps we should all make more of an effort to speak to people we do not know after the service and welcome them if they are new to the parish. Family Matters also have some ideas on this subject...

## **Family Matters!**

My name is Theresa Innes. I am a 34-year-old wife and mother. I have been married for 9 years in September, and I have two little girls, Jessie (6) and Megan (4). I am a working mother, who somehow manages to find the time to teach the grades 1 – 3 Sunday School class every second Sunday and, until recently, gave some of my time as a sidesperson every six weeks or so. Sometimes I feel frazzled, and sometimes I feel overwhelmed. I'm not perfect, and there are times when things fall through the cracks. All I can do is hope and pray that it's nothing really important, like my family. In other words, I am just like you.

Due to various circumstances within the Family Matters ministry, I have been asked by the Rector to take over the running and coordination of this ministry in an active leadership role. This is a very daunting and overwhelming proposition, and there were times that I wondered if Nina had given Father Tim something extra special in his Kellogg's to make him even consider suggesting me for this role. I asked myself over and over again if I was ready for this, and whether I'd be able to contribute anything remotely approaching what he was expecting, or what the Church needed from me. I even prayed about it, and I am not one to admit needing outside help often, but this was one of those few times that I had absolutely NO idea what to do. So I prayed, and waited, and prayed some more. And you know what God said? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. And as the days passed, and I still kept hearing nothing, and Father Tim as well as Hank Doeg began to call me on a more regular basis, and still I heard nothing from God, I began to wonder... Was God's silence the answer???? Was He patiently waiting for me to "catch a wake up" and get what he was trying to tell me? It's at moments like these that a light bulb goes off in my head, and I think that perhaps God is silently shaking his head at this "dof" child of his, and is thinking "Hello! What are you waiting for? Isn't this why I made you? Isn't everything coming together perfectly and wonderfully without effort? Well, that's me! Your Father!" And then I feel stupid and feel like saying to myself "duh!"

So, here I am, looking at the Family Matters ministry with fresh, new, young(ish) eyes, and suddenly my pulse is beating a little faster, and the

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creative juices are flowing, and I'm feeling a fire burning deep down in the very pit of my stomach. I have so much to say, and so many ideas, and my verbal capabilities just aren't living up to what my brain is demanding of it. So if I seem a little like the Rain Man, please bear with me. The mental capacity is strong, but the tongue is weak, and struggling to keep up.

I have a vision! A vision that the Family Matters ministry will become a shining beacon of light and hope to each and every one of our parishioners, but specifically focusing on the family unit. And whether you are the traditional nuclear family, or a more modern family made up of various family members and different kinds of relationships, or whether you are on your own and your family is the greater congregation of St. Francis, this means YOU! In the coming months I would like to see the Family Matters web page revamped, a Facebook page and twitter account created, to allow the ministry to be more accessible to all our parishioners, but specifically our youth, who, sadly, seem to have the hardest time approaching the Church for anything, and to bring the ministry into sharper focus for the parish. We need to be more visible and accessible within the Church if we are going to have any chance of succeeding. Family is what it's about, and we want you to know that we are here for you, no matter what the need, the question, or the comment. There are a number of ministries operating under the auspices of Family Matters, and a number of willing, caring people who are able to help you and care for you, no matter what the situation. We care, and we want to be here for you, to help you make your spiritual and physical journey as painless and easy as possible. And the journey might turn out to be extremely uncomfortable, as God never promised us comfort in our search to know Him better, but at least we don't have to be alone in doing so. Fellowship and family are extremely important to God, and it's important to us at St. Francis as well.

Now, some of you may know me merely by my face in church, and perhaps others will know my girls. And perhaps others still will only have heard of me vaguely from your children who are in my Sunday School class. But perhaps to most of you, I am a stranger, and you might be asking yourself, "Who is this person who thinks she can help me? What makes her so qualified to help me?" And you know what? You'd be right. I'm not

qualified. I have a BA degree in English and Psychology, and a “talent” for the gift of the gab, even if I’m often too shy to push myself forward and use it. But that’s all. If it weren’t for Father Timothy, I wouldn’t be doing this at all. But then again, God doesn’t call the qualified, He qualifies the called.

I am just like you. I am a wife, like you. I am a mother, like you. I am a sister, like you. I am a daughter, like you. I am a friend, like you. I am a Christian, like you. I have doubts, fears, questions, and problems, just like you. I understand you, and I am here for you, and I would like you to contact me, or any of the wonderful people below, if you have any needs, questions, problems or comments. And please keep a lookout in the pew leaflet and on our website in the coming months for any of the changes that I hope will be taking place soon.

And please remember, we are here for you, because Family Matters!

Theresa Innes

Family Matters Coordinator:

Theresa Innes

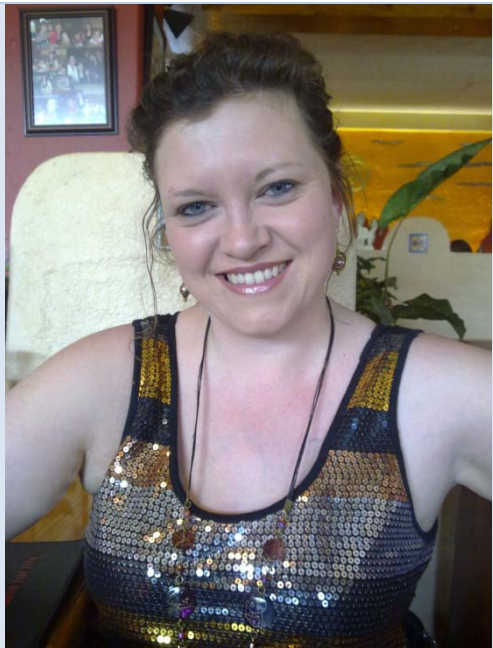
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Other structures within the parish that are working closely with Theresa or who will be coopted are:

- Family Matters Focus Group
- Oasis Youth Group
- Children’s Church
- TeleVisitors
- House Groups
- Men’s Breakfast Group
- H.E.A.L.
- Sidespeople
- Others....?





## **In Her Shoes**

I speak for both Megan Lowes and myself when I say that stepping into the role of youth pastor at St Francis was both a daunting and exciting endeavour. Megan Winn left some pretty big shoes to fill and I for one was worried that my little size 4 inexperienced feet would not make the cut. I admit that I underestimated myself and the impact I could have when stepping into the leadership role. I truly wanted to give this everything in me, but somehow I didn't think it would be quite enough.

Not only did I underestimate myself, but I also underestimated how much I would get out of it. In two very short months, every young adult at Oasis Youth Group has touched my heart in one way or another. I have been inspired by their honesty and tears as we delved deep into their hearts every Sunday night. I have found it both challenging and uplifting to be in a leadership position after being a member of the youth group for 8 years and a friend to many of the kids. Moving from being one of them to being in charge has been an adjustment, but in all honesty I think it gave Megan and me the upper hand in leading them, because we know them and what they're struggling with, because we were both there not too long ago. This term, in my opinion, has been a raging success!

The support that we have gotten, as well as the positive and encouraging words we have received, has been overwhelming. I am very glad to have a holiday to rejuvenate, but I am very excited about the term ahead as well. I want to thank Megan Lowes for taking the plunge with me and for giving one hundred percent of herself to this youth group! We make quite the team☺

Blessings to everyone and thank you for your unending support!

**Kayleigh Hill**

## **A Tribute to Megan Winn**

When God calls you to ministry, what's your response? As an adult I often say, "Mmm, sounds interesting, but it's too much of a commitment," so I shut my ears to the calling. Then we are confronted with someone like Megan Winn, our former youth 'pastor', who recently vacated her position at St Francis after several years of service.

I have known Megan since she was born as I was part of a bible study group with her parents! Little did I realise then that soaking the child in a Christian environment was THIS effective. Megan has grown into a mature, committed young woman, who has walked very closely with the Lord throughout her life. She is focused and has some of the highest principles in terms of what is right and wrong that I have come across, even among adult Christians. Megan's life reflects her beliefs in every way and she has managed to resist peer pressure in a rare manner. I admired the way in which she got the youth to attend Lent and Advent courses, where we were able to share in groups and get to know what sometimes can be a "fringe" group in a Church – something Megan was always careful to avoid.

She has brought several young people closer to God and has played a strong pastoral role to many of our youth. I have always admired her as it is hard to be a leader when the people you are leading are about your age – how does one inspire respect and have some means of discipline? Megan has achieved that as she seems to take no nonsense and yet she is full of fun, always ready to party (a skill learnt from her parents!). She also worked with many young people whose families had no Church affiliation and really had no involvement in the spiritual side of their children's lives.

In spite of often not being supported enough by the family of St Francis, I have seen Megan organise baby-sitting evenings (which she called "date nights"), with games, food and so much preparation, which were only supported by three sets of parents! There were more youth than little ones – and she kept on smiling! We have had car washes, many evenings where the youth have served the parish most delightfully. She recently organised a fun evening for moms and daughters and a hike for fathers and sons, which were attended by a handful of parents and yet, what was her response?



"It was fantastic for those who came and they were blessed and so it was worth the effort."

I have worked with Megan for several years planning family services and we have always managed to pull something together despite plenty of last minute crises like NO singers or musicians turning up – but with that sweet smile we soldiered on and it was always a success!

Yes, Megan **was** a paid member of staff, but one did not see the hours of behind the scenes informal caring and 'counselling' of the youth, the times she manned the office and the times she spent preparing material for holiday clubs and bible study groups. This is all just my informal observation and never once did I see Meagan claim any glory. I would like to say thank you, Megan, for your years of service to the parish, and I pray that whoever steps into your shoes will have the passion for God and for people that you do. May He bless your next direction and we will experience a hole at St Francis that will be hard to fill.

**Terry Brauer**

#### **UPDATE ON MISSION ZIMBABWE**

Following our mission to Bulawayo, Kamativi and Binga in November 2009, we have been communicating with the social development team of the Church of Ascension and St John's parish in Binga regarding possible assistance with sustainable income-generating projects. The establishment of a grinding mill (to grind maize and sorghum) that can service the Binga community was identified as much needed project. A business plan was prepared, submitted and approved for the project. The Mission Zimbabwe team partnered with a private foundation in Germany (the Burkhardt-Stiftung) to fund project on a 50/50 basis.

Last week we paid R44,200.00 to the Church of Ascension in Bulawayo so that their social development team can implement the project. This entails the purchasing of a grinding mill, the registration of a site to establish the mill, the installation of an electricity supply line and the construction of a building to house the mill. When the physical work is completed we will visit Binga to be present at the launch of the project.

**Erik Buiten**

## **God Will Get You There**

‘Please give this money to a missionary in China.’ This request came from my son-in-law (himself a missionary) just before my husband and I left for a trip to China. I briefly wondered how we would find this ‘missionary in China’. It sounded as if it would be looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

We arrived in Hong Kong early on a Saturday morning. Across the road from our hotel, I saw a building with a large cross on the wall. Our plans for the next day (Sunday) included a two hour walking tour, during which we would visit St John’s Cathedral on the island, thought to be the oldest Anglican Church in the Far East. To attend a service there before the walking tour, we decided to leave our hotel at 7:30. Always early risers this did not pose a problem for us. That Sunday, however, despite having set our alarms, we only woke up at 7:30.

We dressed hurriedly, gulped down breakfast and ran across the road to the nearest church. The English service we were told would be later, much later. The kind gentleman who told us this directed us to a church around the corner. But their first service was not in English, so we were directed to the next nearest church.

Breathless we arrived at the St Andrew’s Christian Centre just as the service was about to start. Everybody was welcomed and we were told: “As you know today is ‘Mission Sunday’. Our speaker today is a missionary from mainland China who works with the poorest of the poor.” Our search, which had hardly begun, was over.

The missionary spoke through an interpreter and told us about his work and the lack of funds that most missionaries suffer from. After the service we met him and handed over the money from a missionary in Africa. He was deeply moved.

**Paula Pretorius**

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**Paula & Louw Pretorius with the Chinese missionary in Hong Kong**



**Helen and big sister Megan (with JayJay's boot?) at the parish picnic**



I enjoyed the Parish Picnic on 28 August. It was fun and entertaining. My favourite part was when JayJay the Juggler did tricks. It was sad when we had to go home.

**Helen Napier**

**H.E.A.L. Ministeries**  
**(Healing † Educating † Addicted † Lives)**

A few Sundays ago, Heatherlynn Lewis and her son Mark spoke to the congregation about Mark's addiction and recovery from drugs. Through H.E.A.L. Ministeries, Mark Lewis and his parents are now helping others beat the habit. Below is one of the slides that Mark used in his presentation.

## **ADDICTION VS RECOVERY**

### **In Addiction.....**

- I lied, stole, cheated and manipulated
- I was arrogant and argumentative
- I was self centered
- I was close minded
- I was anything but Grateful
- My life revolved around instant gratification
- I caused utter chaos, devastation and destruction.
- My sleeping and eating patterns were erratic
- I acted out my emotions
- My relationships were all negative.
- I was a menace to society!

### **Therefore in recovery.....**

- I must be honest, transparent and open
- I must be humble
- I must be people/ family-centered
- I must be GRATEFUL
- I must be patient
- I must be kind, thoughtful and considerate
- I need a healthy sleeping and eating pattern
- I must control my emotions not be controlled by emotion.
- I must have positive relationships (no old friends)
- I must be a blessing to society!

H.E.A.L. strives to develop an in-depth support structure for those looking to get out of a downward spiral of addiction and into recovery. We support both the ones suffering with addiction and their loved ones by teaching them recovery principles and how to implement such principles. Should you require any guidance, advice or even intervention, please contact one of the following numbers:

Mark – 082 776 9583

Heather – 082 562 1432

Rob – 082 923 0505

To find out more about H.E.A.L., go to [www.healministries.com/](http://www.healministries.com/)

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MEMORIES (Part 2)

by John Mallory

Part 1 of John Mallory's *Memories*, in which he recounted some of his experiences in India, was published in our previous issue – *The Franciscan, Trinity 2010*. If you missed this, you can access it online: go to our website [www.st-francis.co.za](http://www.st-francis.co.za) and click on 'Newsletter' in the Index. John continues his reminiscences below.

I first came to Africa in November 1950 as a member of an MRA (Moral Rearmament) team presenting our message through a play *The Forgotten Factor*, which portrayed how conflict between management and labour could be resolved when both sides became more concerned to find **what** was right, rather than **who** was right. My job was the stage lighting. While the play depicted conflict between management and labour, many in Africa related it to the conflict between black and white. In 1951 we took the play to Southern and Northern Rhodesia (as they were then called) and in 1952 to Kenya and Uganda. A vivid recollection of that time is of opening night in Nairobi, with the colony's Governor in the front row of the stalls and Jomo Kenyatta in the front row of the gallery.

It was late in 1953, I think, that we were joined by the cast of two new plays, so the stage crew was even busier! In 1954 we took these two plays to Nigeria. When we were in Kano, I did something which altered the course of my life – again! After making sure that others knew enough to manage the stage lighting, I flew to England to have time with my American brother-in-law, who was spending part of his sabbatical there. The previous year his wife, my sister, had died after a long fight with cancer. I thought it important to keep in touch with that part of my family. However, fearing he might say 'No', I had not had approval from our leader, and this was considered a serious breach of the accepted MRA practice. So, in due course, I was told I had better return to my profession.

Not so easy... I had received a Cambridge degree in Engineering Studies seven years before, but had had no experience in any engineering job. One of those helping me consider my future was a South African, who said, "If you would like to come to South Africa, I am going home next week and will try to find you a job."

In a short time he did and I found myself Assistant Site Engineer in what is now called Soweto, with a work force of about 1200 black people, supervised by a white foreman and four experienced white artisans. There was a great deal I had to learn and – thanks to the site engineer, Ken – I learned fast. I needed to. After only six weeks, Ken told me he was going on leave for two weeks and I would be in charge. He would then be back for a week to sort out any problems I had, before leaving to take up a lectureship at Wits University! So I was left to do my best. During the next few months we increased production from 12 to 20 houses a day, and nearly all the additions to our labour force had to be trained on the job.

After a little less than a year there, I was expecting promotion from my acting position to Housing Engineer. The post was advertised and one of the applicants was an older, much more experienced man, and he got the job. So I applied for a job in Pietermaritzburg, where they were advertising for engineers. My boss promised to send his recommendation. On the strength of that, I was appointed without ever being interviewed. I was posted to the Water Section where I had everything to learn. More experienced people there gave me lots of help. I learned a lot from the experienced plumbers who were, in theory, under me. After three years I was promoted to Section Engineer (Water) and the whole water undertaking became my responsibility.

The work was taxing, but mostly I enjoyed it. But after a further three years I was offered a Cape Town based job with a contracting firm. As I was close to the same age as most of those senior to me, prospects of promotion and better pay were almost non-existent, so I moved. A year and a half later – after three months in hospital with a badly broken leg and damaged spine, and time to decide I was in the wrong job – I applied to the Department of Water Affairs.

At that time Water Affairs were trying to recruit engineers in Europe, so were glad to take me on. After about two years, I was sent to Montagu to be in charge of building a dam. The engineering and the organisation of everything needed were challenging. Often, though, the most challenging thing was to deal with recalcitrant members of the team. Two incidents stand out from this time, as I sought God's guidance, and each time a man's life was saved following a serious problem.

- One day I had an unexpected visit from a policeman accompanied by an official from the bank. They wanted to question one of my most hard-working men because, they said, he had changed a cheque for R8,00 to R80,00. So I sent someone to find him but, sensing trouble, he had already disappeared. About two weeks later I received a telegram from the resident engineer building a dam at Pongolo, asking if I had any objection to them giving him a job. After much thought I replied: "He absconded after being required by police regarding a fraudulently altered cheque. Please urge him to return and put right what needs to be put right. He was one of my best workers and if he will return and put right what has been wrong, I promise I will gladly reinstate him." He did return, getting an uncle to help him repay the bank. Before taking him back, I insisted he go to apologise to the bank manager for the trouble he had caused, which he did.
- It was our custom to provide a lorry to take anyone wishing to go to town on Saturday after the monthly pay day. It came to my notice that, on one such day, the accountant, the most senior member of my staff, had gone on the lorry to town, spent the morning in one of the bars overindulging and then insisted that he drive the lorry back to the camp. Obviously such behaviour was totally unacceptable, and I warned him any further such behaviour would have serious consequences. Then, I believe, God gave me the inspiration and I said to him that a man whose problem is vertigo needs to establish his safe margins – how far he needs to keep from the cliff edge. He had to work out what margins he needed to keep from overindulging. Before long, our ways parted, till some 20 years later when I was visiting one of the Department's construction sites and this man came out of the office to greet me. I remember saying, "Henry, now very nice to see you again after so long. If I may ask, tell me, how is the drinking problem?" "No problem," he replied. "I have never forgotten what you said about the cliff edge."

PRAISE GOD!

**John Mallory**

JayJay and admirers at the Parish Picnic

